

No. 8---May 7

GENE AUTRY

COMICS

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

10¢

I'm back in the saddle again...



68 PAGES
Starring
GENE AUTRY
in
"Blazing Guns"

Gene Autry

AMERICA'S
NUMBER ONE
COWBOY

Special Announcement to all Movie Fans

Republic Pictures and I have great news for you. The last eight pictures I made will be coming back to your local theater soon! Turn to page 59 for the titles of the pictures. You'll find my free photograph offer there, too. So turn the pages and see what it's all about **NOW!**

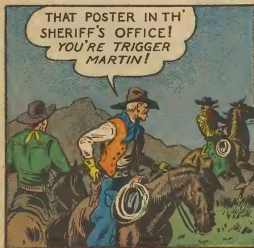
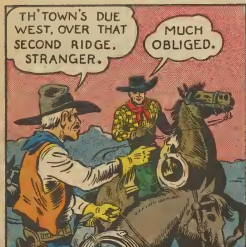
Here's wishing all of you the very best o' luck.

Your pal,

Gene Autry

Vol. 2, No. 2 May 7, 1943

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DRAT TH' LUCK!
JUST WHEN THINGS
WAS GOIN' RIGHT!



THAT'LL TEACH 'EM
NOT TO FOOL WITH
TRIGGER MARTIN!



YOU AIN'T
GONNA FIND
SAGEBRUSH
ANY TOO
SAFE, YOU
KILLER!



THIS GUN, WITH ALL
OF THEM NOTCHES,
OUGHTA LOOK
MIGHTY GOOD TO
JUDGE DUNN.



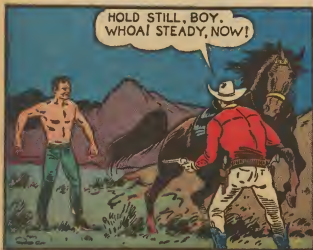
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S
CAMPIN' OVER THERE....

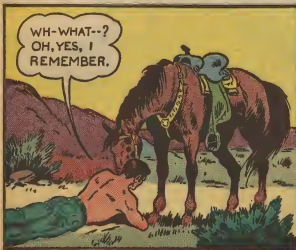
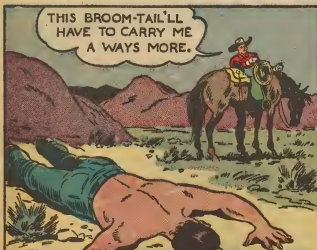
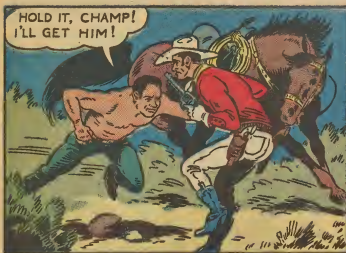


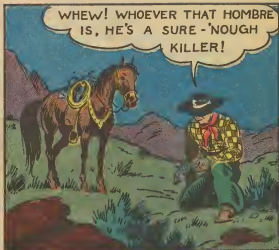
HERE'S WHERE I
GET GRUB AN' A
FRESH HOSS.











TRIGGER RIDES
TOWARD SAGEBRUSH



HERE'S WHERE MY
LUCK CHANGES! I'LL
RIDE DOWN THERE
AN' GIT A FRESH
HOSS

THIS'LL BE
A CINCH.



REACH FOR TH'
SKY, MISTER!



ALL I WANT IS ONE
O' YORE HOSSSES!

THEY AIN'T
FOR SALE!



WHO SAID ANYTHING
ABOUT BUYIN' 'EM?
I'M HELPIN' MYSELF!



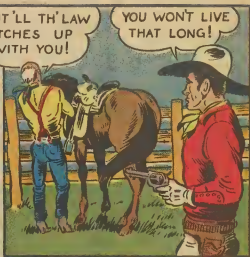
YOU WON'T GIT
AWAY WITH THIS!

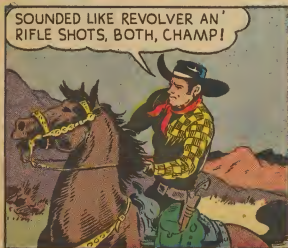
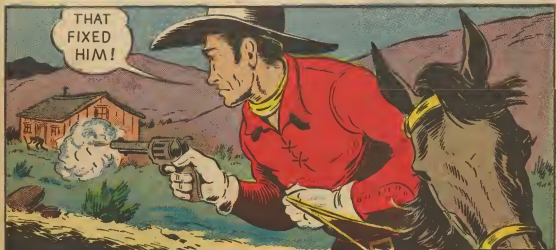




WAIT 'LL TH' LAW CATCHES UP WITH YOU!

YOU WON'T LIVE THAT LONG!







WHY DON'T YOU
GO AHEAD AN'
KILL ME?

TALK SENSE, PARDNER.
I JUST SAVED
YOUR LIFE.



JUST LIE STILL.
NOW THAT TH'
BLEEDIN'S
STOPPED, I'LL
FIX THAT
WOUND.

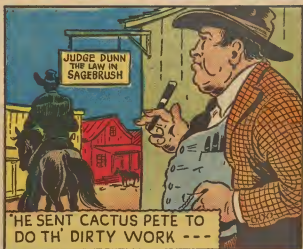
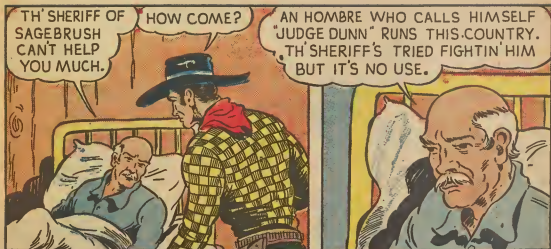
MEBBE I'M
DELIRIOUS,
BUT YOU SURE
LOOK LIKE
TH' MAN
WHO SHOT
ME!

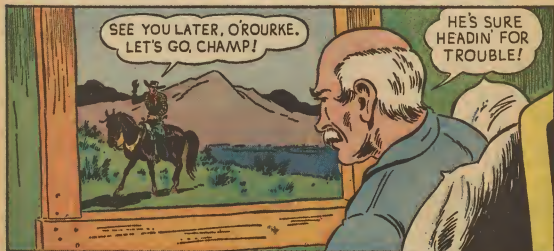
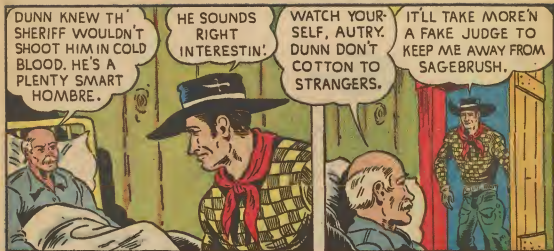


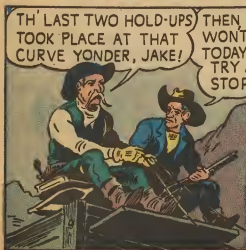
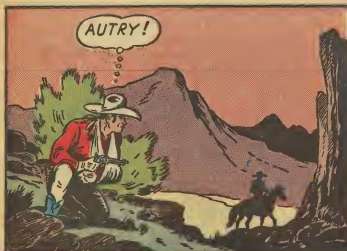
I'M PRETTY
SURE I
WINGED
HIM.

WHEN I GET TO
TOWN, I'LL SEND
A DOCTOR OUT
TO YOU AN' THEN
REPORT TO TH'
SHERIFF.

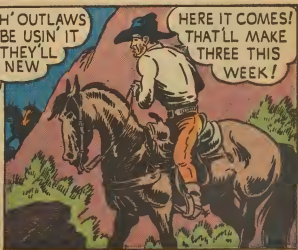


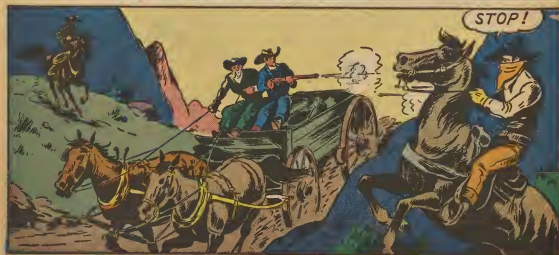
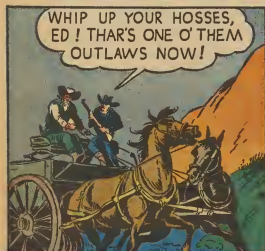
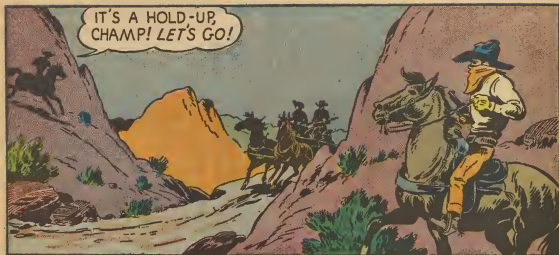






THEN TH' OUTLAWS
WONT BE USIN' IT
TODAY. THEY'LL
TRY A NEW
STOP.







IT'S A TRAP!
I'D BETTER GIT
OUTA HERE!



KEEP GOIN'!
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM!



LOOKIT THAT
CHESTNUT
HOSS RUN!

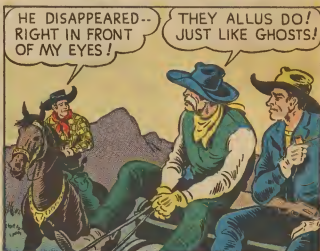
I'M SURE GLAD
HIS RIDER'S ON
OUR SIDE!

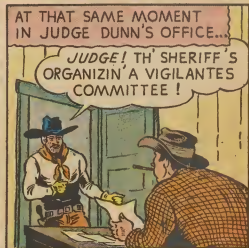
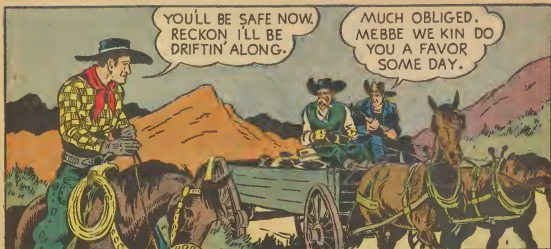


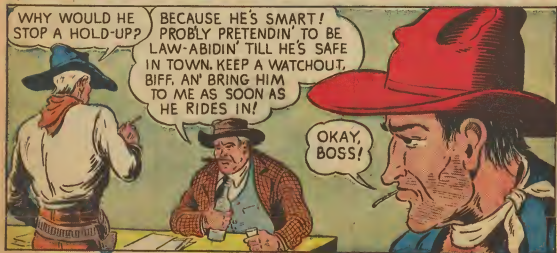
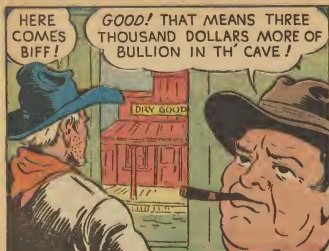
IF I CAN ONLY
REACH TH' CAVE!

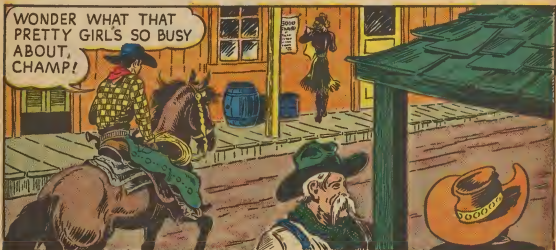
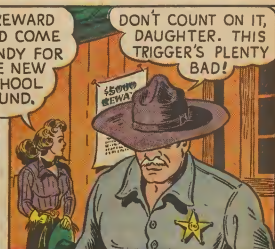


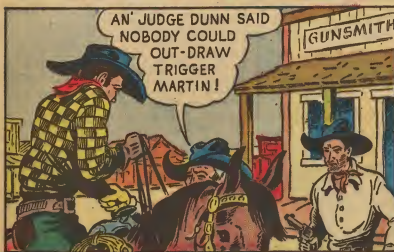
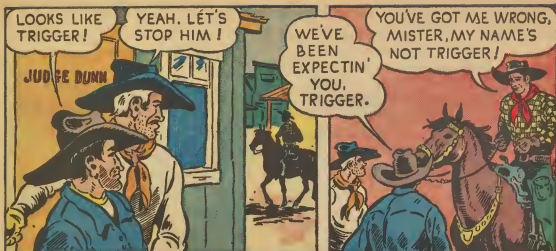
TRY AN' FIND ME
NOW, MISTER!

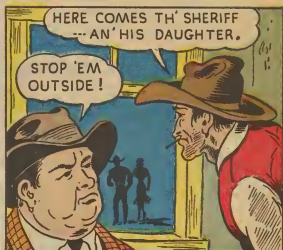
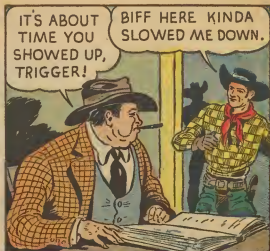
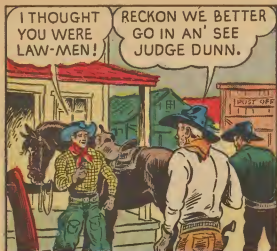


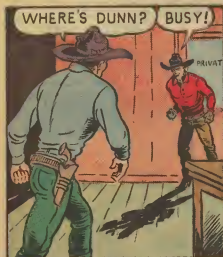
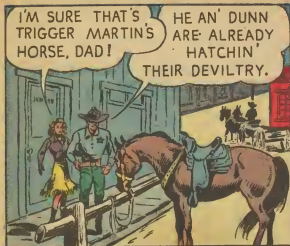












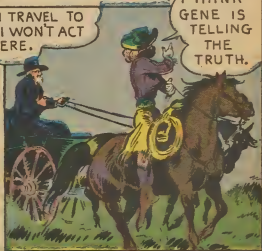


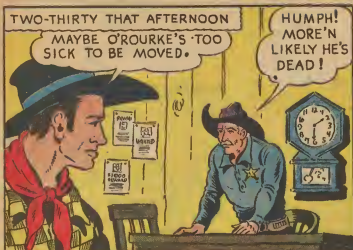


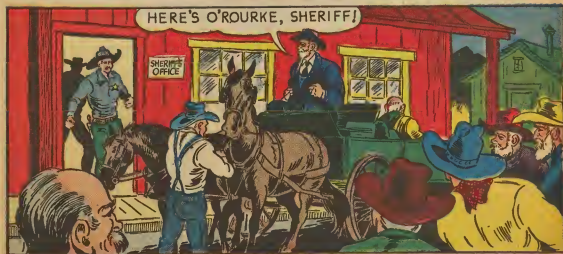
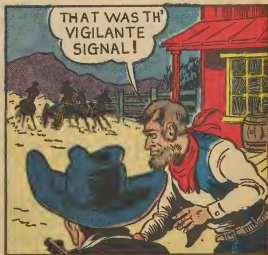
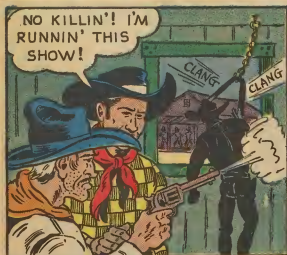
TEN MINUTES LATER

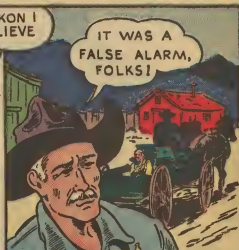
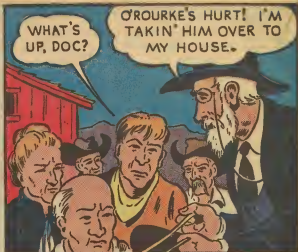
THAT'S TH'WAY IT WAS, SHERIFF. TRIGGER'S WOUNDED AN' WEARIN' MY CLOTHES.

HOW CAN YOU PROVE YOU'RE GENE AUTRY?

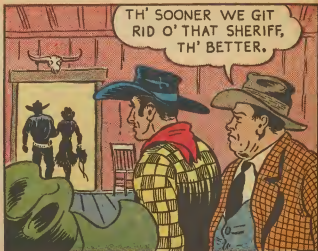


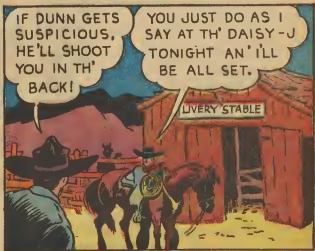
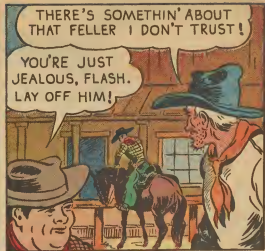
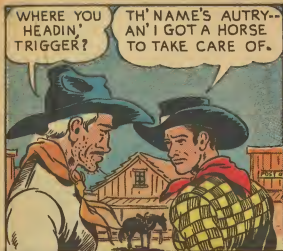


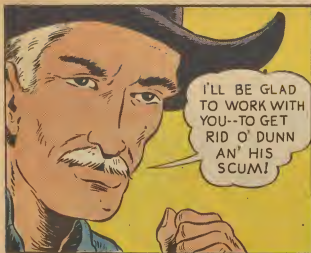


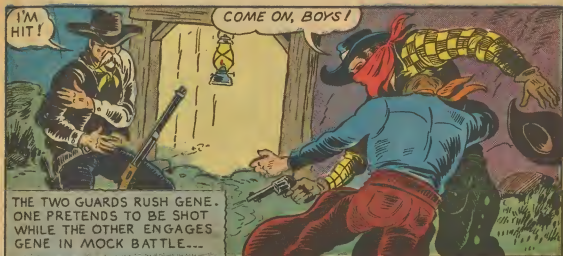


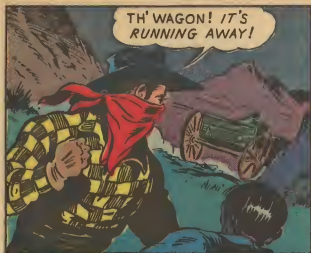












WHY DIDN'T YOU LET 'EM GET
AWAY WITH TH' BULLION,
SHERIFF?

'CAUSE I DON'T
WANTA RISK
LOSIN' IT.

I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK
BEFORE DUNN
GETS TOO
SUSPICIOUS.
SEE YOU
LATER!

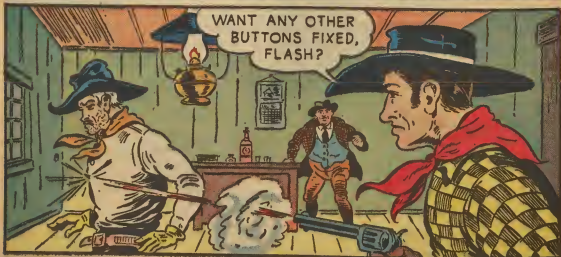
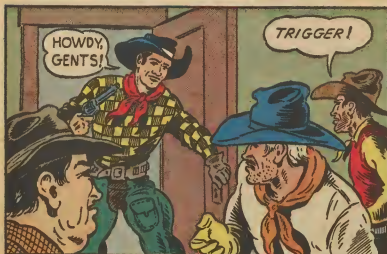
BUT I WANTED TO
TRAIL 'EM AND FIND
OUT WHERE
TH' LOOT'S
HIDDEN!

I'LL SURE BE IN TH' SOUP IF THAT
FELLER AIN'T GENE AUTRY.

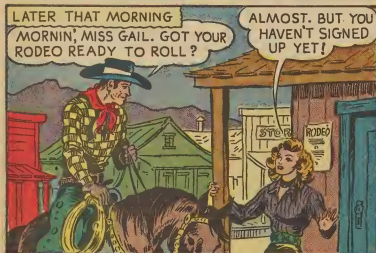
LATER, IN DUNN'S OFFICE

DON'T TELL ME
TRIGGER'D LET HIMSELF
GET CAUGHT! HE'S TH'
TOUGHEST HOMBRE
IN TEXAS!

MAYBE THIS
HOMBRE AIN'T
TRIGGER MARTIN.
EVER
THINK
O' THAT?

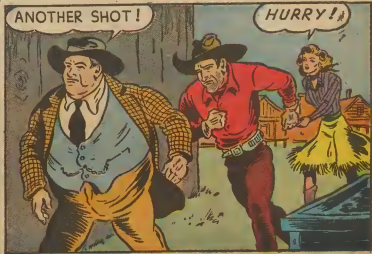
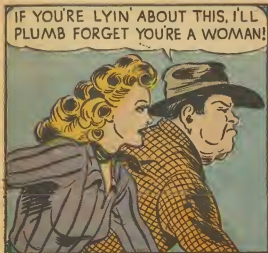


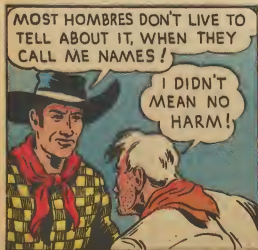


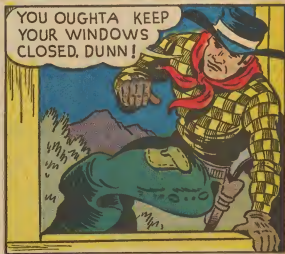


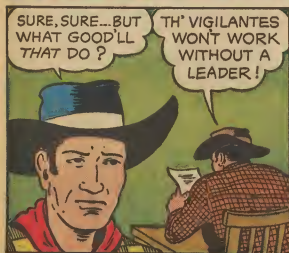


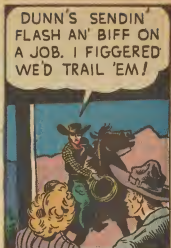












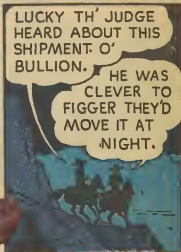
THERE THEY GO!



HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, AUTRY AND THE SH...
SEE THE DEPARTURE OF FLASH AND BIF...

LUCKY TH' JUDGE
HEARD ABOUT THIS
SHIPMENT O'
BULLION.

HE WAS
CLEVER TO
FIGGER THEY'D
MOVE IT AT
NIGHT.



THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR TH'
TRAIL FROM PAINTED
ROCK MINE. WE'LL
FOLLOW 'EM!



HERE COMES
TH' WAGON
NOW!



DON'T TAKE A CHANCE!
SHOOT TO KILL!



GOOD WORK, FLASH!
YOU GOT 'EM BOTH-
I'LL GIT TH' WAGON!



WE'RE TOO LATE!
THEY BEAT US
TO IT!



SOMEBODY'S
ON OUR
TRAIL!

I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!
YOU GET GOIN' FAST!

I'LL MEET YOU
AT TH' CAVE!



I'LL TRAIL
TH' WAGON!

OKAY, GENE! I'LL
GET TH' ONE ON
HORSEBACK!



MY ARM SEEMS OKAY NOW.
TOMORROW I'M RIDIN' TO
SAGEBRUSH AN' JUDGE DUNN!

I'LL HIDE IN HERE
AN' THROW HIM
OFF MY TRAIL!

MEANTIME, NOT FAR AWAY,
TRIGGER MARTIN WAITS IN
HIS HIDE-OUT---

WONDER WHO
THIS HOMBRE IS!

HEY! YOU
LOOK LIKE
TRIGGER
MARTIN!

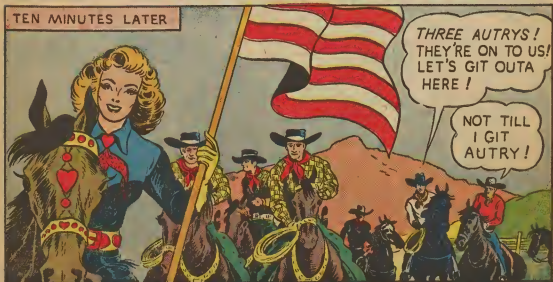
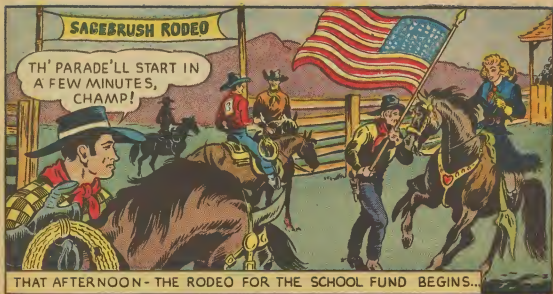
I AM TRIGGER MARTIN!
WHO ARE YOU?

I'M FLASH HANLEY. JUDGE
DUNN SURE WILL BE
SURPRISED TO
SEE YOU!

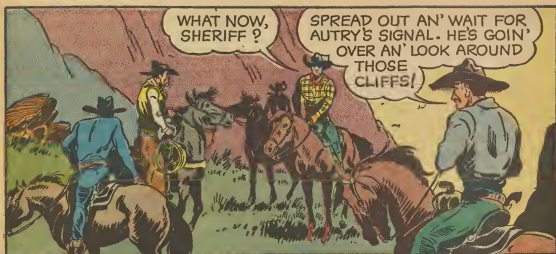
LET'S GET
GOIN'!

A LITTLE LATER--IN JUDGE DUNN'S OFFICE--

SMART WORK, BOYS--SAVIN'
TH' GOLD! NOW WE'LL GIT RID O'
AUTRY AN' TH' SHERIFF; MOVE TH'
GOLD AN' HIKE FOR TH' BORDER!







WHAT NOW,
SHERIFF ?

SPREAD OUT AN' WAIT FOR
AUTRY'S SIGNAL. HE'S GOIN'
OVER AN' LOOK AROUND
THOSE
CLIFFS!



TAKE IT
EASY, BOY!



WAIT
THERE
FOR ME,
CHAMP!



YEAH, WE GOT
TH' GOLD
AN' WHAT
GOOD'LL
IT DO US ?



YOU SHOULD LET ME
SHOOT AUTRY WHEN I HAD
TH' CHANCE, DUNN!

SHUT UP! I'M
TRYIN' TO FIGGER
A WAY OUT!





THERE THEY ARE, BEHIND BARS AT LAST, THANKS TO YOU, AUTRY. WHERE ARE YOU HEADED FOR NOW?

CHAMP AND I ARE GOIN' TO WIN SOME RODEO PRIZES!



AN HOUR LATER

AUTRY'S ALREADY BROKEN THREE RECORDS!

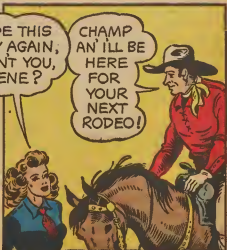


THIS TROPHY BELT IS FOR YOU, GENE AUTRY..CHAMPION RODEO RIDER AND BANDIT-CATCHER!



RIDE THIS WAY AGAIN, WON'T YOU, GENE?

CHAMP AN' I'LL BE HERE FOR YOUR NEXT RODEO!





Jimmy Davis was stalking Indians, his trusty six-gun ready to blast at the first stealthy movement beyond the mesquite-studded rise toward which he crawled.

From where she stood by the cottonwood grove, his mother had no way of knowing what a perilous journey Jimmy was undertaking. To her eyes, the deadly six-shooter was only a twisted stick and the "death-defying" scout was her tousle-headed, eight-year-old son.

"Don't go too far, Jimmy!" she called out. Seeing him turn in exasperation, she added, "When Dad isn't here, you have to protect Baby and me."

Jimmy waved a brown hand to show that he heard and returned to the dangerous job of scouting hostile Indians for the covered wagon train. Mom didn't fool him with that "protection" stuff. She and Baby were safe enough, even though Dad was away with a posse, hunting Ace Hart, whose daring hold-ups had that part of the Panhandle frantic.

For a moment Jimmy wondered about the road agent. He was a real man of mystery, appearing like a ghost, disappearing like one. But Dad would catch him. Dad was the greatest sheriff in Texas.

Then Jimmy forgot Ace Hart and returned to his stalking. He did not notice how far he had gone until he slid into a shallow wash and came face to face with a squint-eyed man.

"Well!" The man holstered the gun he had drawn at Jimmy's appearance. "A kid!"

"I'm not. I'm eight years old!" Jimmy flared.

Squint-Eyes' laugh grated. There wasn't any fun in that laugh. Jimmy did not like it. He turned to scramble back up the wash, but a rough hand gripped his shoulder, dirty nails digging deep into his flesh.

"Not so fast, kid."

"But I—I have to go home." Jimmy tried to keep the quiver out of his voice.

"Where's that?"

"Over near Dry Creek. My Dad's the sheriff—"

"Sheriff?" Squint-Eyes growled. "His name ain't Dan Davis, is it?"

Jimmy nodded. "How did you know?"

"That ain't any o' your business." The man's eyes glittered. "So you're Dan Davis' kid! That's rich." He hesitated, then whistled softly. A pinto horse trotted out from the rocks. Squint-Eyes pointed. "Climb up."

"You're gonna take me home?" Jimmy stammered.

"Sure—when your Pa hands over a thousand cash for yuh! Till then, you an' me're gonna camp out on Bald Mountain."

Jimmy wanted to cry, but he felt sure tears would not do any good. Besides, Squint-Eyes might gag him. To cover up his fear, he blurted, "My Dad'll shoot you full o' holes, an' I bet you're Ace Hart!"

Squint-Eyes did not answer. He lifted Jimmy to the pinto, tying him to the pommel with a length of rawhide. Then he swung up into the saddle and turned the pinto's nose toward the east, away from Dry Creek. Despite his attempt at bravery, a large tear trickled down Jimmy's nose into his mouth. He gulped as he tasted the salt. A scout did not cry, even if he was only eight. Not a scout whose grandfather had died at the Alamo.

The sun was low in the west when Squint-Eyes pulled up in the mouth of a blind canyon. Untying Jimmy, he tossed him to the ground like a sack of meal. Jimmy's head struck a rock and he was knocked uncon-

scious. Consequently, he did not know when the second man rode up and he did not hear the angry words: "You ornery skunk! Stealin' a kid!"

Running footsteps echoed on the canyon's rocky floor. Then the whine of a high-powered rifle cut the clear night air. The sound aroused Jimmy and he stirred. It hurt awfully to try to open his eyes. There was a big balloon, a balloon with a face on it. Why, it could talk. . . .

"Easy, kid." The voice was soft and amazingly kind. And, when Jimmy managed to raise his heavy eyelids, he saw that the lean, browned face matched the kindness of the voice. Then cool water trickled down Jimmy's parched throat and brought ease to his throbbing head. He glanced around fearfully.

"He won't steal any more kids, son," the man said grimly, as if he were reading the boy's mind.

Through the lengthening shadows, Jimmy could make out a form sprawled grotesquely by a giant boulder.

"Did he try to kidnap you, too, Mister?"

The man shook his head. "Nope. I was meetin' him here, thinkin' o' goin' into business with him."

"With *him*?" Jimmy could not believe his ears.

"Y'see, I didn't know what a pole-cat he was," the man explained. "But let's not talk about me. Who are you an' where'd you come from?"

Quickly Jimmy told about Squint-Eyes. He didn't notice the other's sudden start at mention of his father's name and office. When he had finished, the man picked him up and, wrapping him in a blanket, placed him tenderly on the dead outlaw's horse.

"He won't be needin' this hoss any more, and I gotta get you home. Reckon your Ma an' Dad'll be half-loco," he said.

A big yellow moon was high in the star-sprinkled sky when Jimmy and the man came within sight of the cottonwood grove. The man pulled up, stopping both horses.

"Here's where we split up, son," he said, dismounting to help Jimmy down.

Jimmy protested. "Aren't you coming in? Mom'll want—"

"Not tonight, kid," the other interrupted.

"I've got a long ride ahead." He stopped to pull a sheet of paper and stubby pencil from his pocket. In the moonlight, he scribbled on it. "Give this to your Dad." He yanked one of the silver ornaments from his saddle. "An' give him this concho, too."

Jimmy did not start for the house until man and horse were lost in the horizon. He looked at the gleaming saddle ornament, which the cowboys called a "concho," and tears filled his eyes. He felt as if he had lost a friend and he wanted a minute or two to become accustomed to the loss.

After Jimmy's mother and father, who had been called from the man-hunt by his frantic wife, had heard the story, Jimmy handed over the note and the silver concho. Dad read the note aloud.

"There's some things I draw the line at; an' one of 'em's kidnagin'. He's a swell kid an' because he is, I'm quittin' the States, Sheriff, an' ain't botherin' you no more."

The note was not signed. Jimmy's Dad turned the silver concho over in his palm. His eyes widened as he saw the engraved heart, centered with a miniature ace of hearts.

"Ace Hart! The outlaw!" he exclaimed.

Cora hugged her small son tightly. "You're not going after him, are you, Dan?" she asked.

Sheriff Davis shook his head and half-smiled. "I'm not a sheriff in Mexico, Cora."

Walking to the fire, he tossed the note into the blaze. But he set the concho in a place of honor on the mantel.



FAMOUS BUCKING HORSES. NO. 3.

Cyclone





CYCLONE NEVER BUCKED UNTIL HE WAS A FOUR-YEAR-OLD. AS A COLT HE WAS GENTLE AND WAS RIDDEN BY A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY TO HERD MILK COWS. ONE DAY THE BOY JUMPED CYCLONE OVER AN IRRIGATION DITCH AND THE BACK CINCH OF HIS SADDLE SLIPPED BACK. THE HORSE "SWALLOWED HIS TAIL" AND BUCKED OFF HIS RIDER. FROM THEN ON HE CONTINUED TO BUCK AND TURNED INTO THE "TOUGHEST" HORSE OF HIS DAY. HE WAS NEVER HARD TO HANDLE BUT JUST DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO RIDE HIM.

DICK STANLEY BOUGHT HIM AND BUCKED HIM IN RODEOS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. DICK WAS EVENTUALLY KILLED BY A HORSE KNOWN AS "BLACK DEMON" AND CYCLONE WAS SOLD TO DELL BLANCHETT. DELL SOLD HIM IN 1912 TO THE PENDLETON ROUNDUP ASSOCIATION AND FOR SEVERAL YEARS HE WAS THEIR TOP BUCKER. HE WAS FINALLY RETIRED WHEN HE BECAME TOO OLD TO BUCK. FEW COWBOYS WERE EVER ABLE TO RIDE HIM. HE WOULD FALL ON HIS RIDER IF HE COULD NOT "LOSE HIM" IN ANY OTHER MANNER. HE WAS RIDDEN BY DICK STANLEY, WILEY HILL AND ART ACORD.



THE GOODMAN



The Rain Slicker

THE COWBOY'S RAIN COAT OR "SLICKER" IS ONE OF HIS MOST IMPORTANT PIECES OF EQUIPMENT. IT IS MADE OF AN OILED CLOTH AND IS BRIGHT YELLOW IN COLOR. IN FAIR WEATHER HE CARRIES IT ROLLED UP AND

TIED ON THE BACK OF HIS SADDLE. IT IS LOOSE FITTING AND ROOMY ENOUGH TO EXTEND BACK OVER THE CANTLE OF HIS SADDLE. HE USES IT AS A COVER FOR HIS ROUND-UP BED WHEN SLEEPING OUT IN A RAIN OR SNOW STORM.



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THE OLD BARN DANCE

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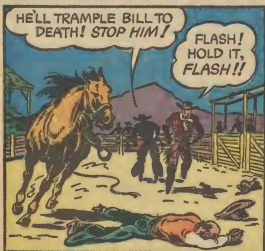
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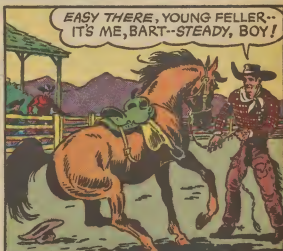
GOLD FLASH

BART WEST VISITS POP RADER'S ROPEO AND FINDS THAT THE BUCKING HORSE, YELLOW FEVER, IS REALLY GOLD FLASH, THE WILD BUCKSKIN COLT, WHICH HE HAD CAUGHT, BRANDED AND GENTLED. THE FLASH HAD ESCAPED FROM BART'S CORRAL AND HAD BEEN TRAPPED BY MUSTANG RUNNERS WHO SOLD HIM TO POP RADER...

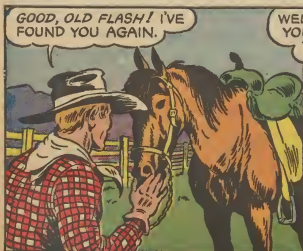


HE'LL TRAMPLE BILL TO DEATH! STOP HIM!

FLASH! HOLD IT, FLASH!!



EASY THERE, YOUNG FELLER-- IT'S ME, BART--STEADY, BOY!



GOOD, OLD FLASH! I'VE FOUND YOU AGAIN.



WELL, KIN YOU BEAT THAT!

I'LL BE JIGGERED! TH' WILDEST MAN-KILLIN' BRONC I EVER SEE AN' BART WEST SETTLES HIM DOWN LIKE AN OLD BROKE SADDLE HORSE!

AN HOUR LATER. BART TALKS TO POP RADER, OWNER OF THE RODEO HORSES...

I TELL YOU, POP, YELLOW FEVER IS MY COLT, GOLD FLASH!



I CAUGHT TH' FLASH. HE'S WEARIN' MY BRAND!

BUT I GOT A BILL O'-SALE FOR HIM. TH' MEN THAT SOLD HIM SAID HE CAME FROM OLD MEXICO.



DIDYA EVER RIDE HIM, BART?

NOPE. I WAS JUST GENTLIN' HIM, WHEN A COUPLA ORNERY COYOTES TRIED TO STEAL HIM. HE GOT SCARED AN' BOLTED. I'VE BEEN HUNTIN' FOR HIM EVER SINCE. I'VE DRAWN HIM FOR TH' BRONC-RIDIN' TOMORROW.



OKAY, BART. I'LL MAKE YOU A PROPOSITION. IF YOU KIN RIDE HIM, HE'S YOURS. HE AINT BEEN RODE SO FAR.

THAT'S A DEAL, POP. I'LL RIDE HIM!

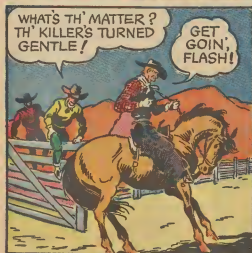
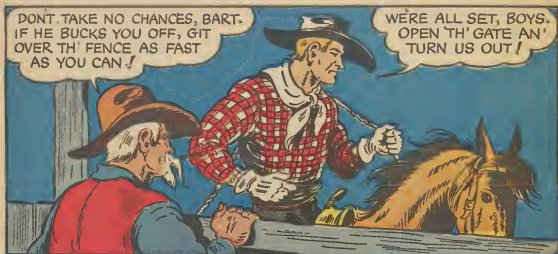


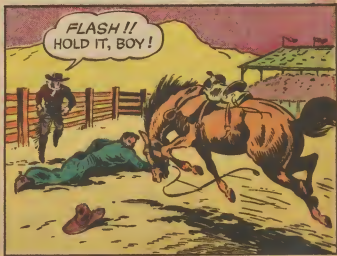
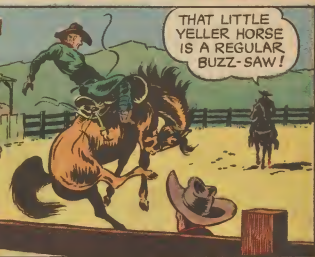
NEXT DAY

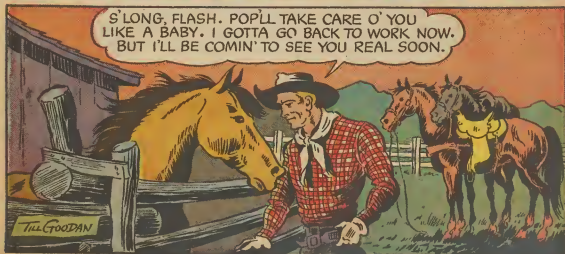
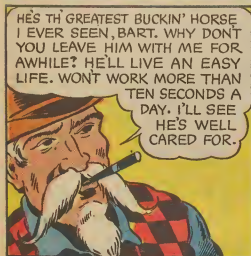
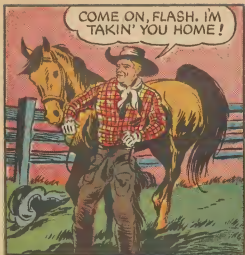
OKAY, BART. SET DOWN ON HIM

NEXT RIDER OUT WILL BE BART WEST ON YELLOW FEVER. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, FOLKS. THIS BRONC IS A KILLER! NOBODY HAS BEEN ABLE TO RIDE HIM YET. PICK-UP MEN, GET READY!!

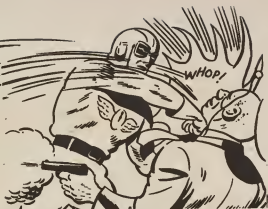








ON THE CHIN



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